

## Ice Skating

Alisa, 8A

As I lightly jogged down the streets towards Central Park which was finally nearing, snowflakes began to sprinkle down onto the ground. I stopped and just looked up at the sky which was a light purple color. I squinted as the snowflakes kept falling.

“Greg!”

I swiftly turned my head. I smiled as hard as I could and sprinted down to her. Her lipstick glinted in the street light. Her curled dirty blond hair blew swiftly from side to side in the chilly breeze. She had a white woven scarf wrapped around her neck and wore a matching woven hat and mittens. She never wore gloves. It was the best person I had ever met, it was Ann.

Ann is a dancer and has eyes like the pure cloudless sky. You can feel her eyes scan you and immediately notice if something is wrong. Her eyes pitch right into your soul. Ann lives in a studio. She and I met two year ago along the Hudson River.

“Greg it’s so nice to finally see you!”

We walked towards the ice skating rink.

“Yeah, it’s nice to see you too.”

In about five minutes we were at the ice rink. It was like the barren Saharan dessert. The rink was completely empty. One light above the rink lit up the entire rink. I was very happy; we would have the rink all to ourselves. The trees around the rink had

small decorative Christmas lights hung on them. They shimmered as the snowflakes quivered to the ground.

As we laced up our shoes, we both stayed silent. Ann finally broke the silence and said, “Won’t it be nice to have a hot chocolate afterward? I love hot chocolate.”

Her voice was soft and quite like a feather finally fluttering to the ground. I nodded and looked into her eyes. We held eye contact for a few more seconds. Just us, eye to eye, and then resumed lacing our skates.

We skated onto the ice. Ann skated swiftly and gracefully, backwards and forwards and even did a twirl. I could only skate forwards but I did it as best I could. I skated up to her as fast as I could. Ann grinned and said, “It’s on!”

She skated as fast as she could away. We both laughed as I tried to catching up to her. She started skating quickly backwards then tripped and fell back. My grin faded into a frown. I skated towards her. She sat there frozen in the moment.

“Ann? Ann!?!”

“What?”

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, help me up.”

I grabbed her hand and helped her up. Her eyelashes caught a small snowflake, and her hair cradled many. She just smiled with all her perfectly white teeth. I kept holding her hand as she started to try to yank her hand out of my firm grasp. As she did so she questioned, “Yes? Is there something you want to tell me?”

She looked a little confused and kept working her way out of my hand. She finally conquered my hand and was set free. She skated away without a smile.

“Yes, I do want to tell you something. I think I may like you Ann.”

She just stood in the light with a blank face as snow kept falling.